



"ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE."

As I once I walked by a dismal swamp,
There sat an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at every body as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed,
And whenever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in—
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab whoever you've got afloat—
In a week or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your house and home—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he with a groan:
"All I ax is—let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self same way,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say—
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!
You've let alone—a darsed sight too long—
Or all the same that ever I heard!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarsal smash,
And if ever I catches you 'round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head:
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had left honest folks a one."

The Old Cove stopped, and the Other Old Cove
He sat quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolv'n' slow,
Vether 't'wore safe to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vee—let me alone."

THE DESPERATE STAKE
OR
THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.
A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.
ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INDIANISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING,
BY JOHN F. POOLE,
Dramatist.

CHAPTER XIII.
RALPH RAYTON MAKES "LOW."

Schlanchenkompf and Miller—Partners in Business and Partners in Guilt—A Plan to Burn the House and Recover the Insurance—A Common Resort Now-a-days—A Game at "Seven-up," Wherein Fritz Makes Most Politic Bad Play—"Fire! Fire! Fire!"—The Conflagration—The Falling Roof Buries Ralph Rayton's Wife and Two Firemen—A Tribute to "The Red Shirts Brigade"—Ralph Rayton's Second Trick—"Low."

"Yaw, dere ish no mishtake about it, business vas tam pad."

"Curse this secession humbug! It has ruined trade."

"Dat ish a facts; dat secession humbug vas a pad dings for trades, put ve don't never do some goot business. Ven ve goed together mit partnersheeps first, der monies ve have vas eight hunder dollars apiece, un now der shook is vorth 'bout dree hunder dollar."

"And we're insured for twelve hundred."

"Yaw."

"Fritz, if this old shanty was burned down we'd have a big thing of it."

"Yaw!"

"Suppose we burn it down."

"Wot, set fire to it?"

"Yes; if we keep on in the way we've been doing, we'll soon have about enough left to set us up in the match selling line; let us set fire to the old crib, get our insurance, and try our hands at something else."

"Yaw, dat is goot! ve do him to-night; dere ish plenty of camphene in de can."

"There is; I will saturate the place well with it, and pile up the old soap boxes so as to burn quickly. We will go round to Burns' after we shut up."

"Yaw, ve think some beer an blay cards dere."

"We'll treat the crowd, and make ourselves conspicuous, so that if we need it after, we can have witnesses that we were not in the house."

"But if we stay dere how der duvill ish ve going to do it, eh?"

"I will watch my opportunity to slip out unnoticed and come to the store, light the mess, and get back before the alarm is made."

"Goot! goot! Py tam, dat ish de plan. Ha, ha! ve gets de best of dem insurance fellows! Ha, ha, ha! but de beeples vut lives up stairs?"

"Oh, they can get out easy enough before the fire reaches them. There ain't no danger of them, and if there was, that's not our look out."

The above dialogue occurred in the grocery and liquor store of Schlanchenkompf & Miller, between the parties mentioned.

Fritz Schlanchenkompf was, as his name indicated, a native of the land of Goethe and Schiller, limburger kase and lager bier; his partner was the nearest thing to it, a Jerseyman, son of a Jersey Dutchman. Peter Miller, with eight hundred dollars in his pocket, conceived a taste for keeping a grocery store, and meeting with Fritz, whom he imagined was born, as most Dutchmen are, with a knowledge of the grocery business, they joined forces, and, selecting a low neighborhood, set up. Their success, however, did not equal their expectations, and month by month their capital was growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," until they now decided on a means of

bringing it up again—a not uncommon resort for the purpose now-a-days.

The house in which their store was situated was a wooden, tenement one, the property of the late Bill Cain. The upper part was occupied by tenants with some of whom they were already acquainted, Mrs. Nipgin, Mrs. Weedrop, Mrs. McCashehl, Miss Slygoit, and Rayton's wife, known as Mrs. Maybell.

Soon after the time of closing, all the preparations for the intended incendiarism were completed. Under a barrel of the "long rifle" spirits usually sold for whiskey, flavored, and sold for gin; colored, and sold for brandy; mixed with logwood and water and sold for old port wine, they placed a pile of soap boxes, butter tubs, and cheese drums filled in with straw; on this they poured a couple of gallons of camphene. Emptying the money-drawer of its contents, not much in the aggregate, they set off for Burns', a low porter house in the neighborhood, which was freely patronized by the dwellers around, there they drank, and smoked, and chatted with every one in the place, and treated the crowd to get themselves noticed.

"Let us have a game of cards," cried Miller, when the party had swallowed their lightning. "Brooks, you and I will play Fritz and Billet a game of seven-up for the drinks."

Brooks and Billet, like "Barkis," were willing.

"Play your worst; I must get out first," said Miller aside to Fritz, as they proceeded to take their places at a table in the "back room."

"Cut for deal. Seven!"

"Jack! I've got it," said Brooks.

"Go ahead."

The cards were dealt—hearts were trumps. Billet led off with a low spade; Miller put another spade on. Fritz covered both with his "ten" of spades, and Brooks took the trick with a small trump. He then led the ace of trumps, taking a good card from each of the party. His next lead was the deuce; Billet played the tray, Miller threw a club, and Fritz took the trick, beating his partner's card with the five.

"De pest card on de board," he cried, as he threw out the jack of trumps.

"When this fellow ain't out," remarked Brooks, and he dropped the king on it.

"Mein Gott! vas he dere?"

"I've been watching to catch that little jack," said Brooks, chuckling at his success.

The first hand was played.

"High, low, jack, and the game—four times for us," said Miller, chalking down the score on a corner of the table.

"You're a trump of a player, you are!" ejaculated Billet to his partner.

"Vell, I does my best."

"I'll sweeten you if we come to play off," was the rejoinder.

The next hand was dealt; clubs were trumps. Miller led the queen of diamonds; Fritz followed with the ace of trumps. "Ve's high," he exclaimed. The others threw clubs. He led the tray of trumps, taking out his partner's tenspot on which Miller put the queen, and raked in the trick; two more passed with nothing to count; then Billet played a trump. Miller's last card was the ten of hearts; Fritz's the ten of spades.

"We'll take high game to your low!" cried Billet.

"Wait till I've played," answered Brooks, and he planked the jack of trumps. "Low, jack, game for us, three and four are seven; that's out!"

"Play off, little boys," said Miller in a jocular tone. "I'll go to the bar and have my drink."

"Brandy," he replied, to the "what is it?" of the bar-keeper. Half filling a tumbler with the liquid fire, he swallowed it with a breath. Then watching for a moment to see that no one noticed his exit, he stepped out.

Fritz lengthened the game between Billet and himself by hesitating for some time before every play. They hadn't finished it when Miller returned. His face was pale and his eye wild. Fritz saw that he had fulfilled their object, and he finished the game in quick time by letting his opponent out.

Fire! fire! fire! and the night air echoed the cry as it came from a hundred throats. The bells pealed forth a summons to the bold hearts that battle with the flames. The engines rattled through the streets, and the Red Shirts Brigade, soldiers in the cause of humanity, and as such, far above the blood-stained heroes of the battlefield, came tramping to the scene of conflagration.

"Hey, Miller, Fritz, your place is on fire!" shouted an urchin running into Burns'.

"The devil it is!" cried Miller, dropping his cards.

"Mein Gott in himmell!" was the exclamation of Fritz, and, as if alarmed at the news, they rushed forth.

The flames spread rapidly. In a few moments from the time the alarm was first given, all communication with the upper part of the building was cut off, and there were yet ten or twelve persons in the burning house. Ladders were raised to the windows, and the firemen, daring souls, rushed through smoke and flame to their rescue. Eight persons were handed down the ladders; one in the desperation of terror jumped from an upper window, and was picked up, bruised and bleeding, and carried off to die in the hospital. The fire was now at its highest. A lurid glare lit the heavens, pieces of burning wood and scantling, and blazing shingles were borne by the wind in every direction; while the roaring and crackling of the flames, the shouts of the firemen, and the wild hallooing of the crowd made the scene one most appalling. At this moment, a woman appeared at one of the uppermost windows, and in the most soul piercing tones called to those below for succor.

"Too late, too late! she is lost!" cried a hundred voices.

"Help along this ladder!" shouted a fireman to his companions.

The ladder was moved to the window at which the poor wretch was.

"Back! back! It is death to venture!" screamed the foreman of the company, as he saw two of his men about to ascend.

"Life or death! we'll try it!" was the answer.

Up they went—noble heroes—burying all thoughts of self in the hope of saving the poor creature who called on them for life! Up they went—daring death with fearless souls!

A wild shout arose from the mass of spectators—a cry of terror! Teeth were fixed, and hearts hushed their beatings! One loud crash, stunning all ears, and the roof was gone, carrying with it the front wall and the two bold hearts who had trusted to its support.

A dirge for the self sacrificing martyrs, whose courage danger and death but stimulated—who in the darkest night as in the hottest day, through burning heats and bitter cold, through sunshine and storm, through pain and peril, fearless and faithful—discharged nobly their self imposed duty. A marble pile in Greenwood is not

their only monument. It is in the hearts of the million—in the prayers of the widow and the orphan.

The partners—partners in guilt as in business—watched the progress of the flames with anxiety. When the last terrible calamity happened, Fritz trembled from head to foot—the blood left his cheeks—he would have fallen in the street but that Miller supported him.

"Come, man, your looks will betray us!" he whispered.

"Come, take a drink of brandy, it will strengthen your heart, and send the color back to your cheeks."

"Mein Gott! mein Gott! de beeples! de beeples! Oh, dat vas terrible tings! I never forget him! never, never, no more!"

"Pshaw, Fritz, you're a coward! Come, think of the insurance!—twelve hundred dollars! Don't be a fool!"

"Oh! it vas horrid! De woman! de mans!—all, all go down togeder!"

"Fritz, if you want to be hanged, keep on as you are. If you want to have me hanged, say so, and have done with it."

"Hanged? No, no! dere vas too much lives already! Oh, if I tinked of dis before, I would starve, I would die, put I would do him not!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself; come, the brandy will make you feel better. Come!" cried Miller authoritatively, as he hurried him along.

"Yaw, yaw, I vill tink him, blenty! blenty! I vill get troonk. I must forget—vorse! Oh, Himmel, dann I could forget him for ever! De beeples! de woman! de mans!—all purned! purned! like dey vas in hell vire!" he exclaimed, in an agonised tone, as they hastened to Burns' once more.

There was another in the crowd who watched the progress of the fire with intense interest. It was Ralph Rayton. As he beheld his wife at the window, and felt that she was lost, a remembrance of earlier days, of the time when he led her, a simple, trusting maiden to the altar, where he swore to love, cherish and protect. But this was quickly smothered in the thought of her threats of exposure. When he saw the roof fall, carrying her down with it, a fierce cry broke from him.

"Gone! gone!" he exclaimed; "and I am safe! This is my second trick in the game of life! I am 'Low!'"

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Sterne Down with a Fever—Amy's Cell in Prison—The Day of Trial Draws Near—Daisy a Constant Attendant on the Prisoner—"Bad Come to Me, it's Singing I am!"—Words of Hope—Hope Flung, but not Felt—Isaac Manders, a Friend in the Dark—Hour—Ralph Rayton's Nocturnal Rambles—"The Knocking of the Clubs"—Cully Shay Gets His Last Dose—A Row in an "All Night" House—Rayton Cuts His Way Through the Crowd.

The day appointed for the trial of Amy Sterne was fast approaching. Mrs. Sterne, heart-broken and destitute, lay ill of a fever, produced by the terrible news of her daughter's arrest on a charge so heinous.

Mrs. Donohoe had taken her into her own house, and nursed her with all the care of a sister. She would sit with little Robert by her bedside, and watch and tend her hour after hour.

"Oh, poor craythur, it's for another world she's booked I'm thinkin, an' unless it's the mercy of Providence, she'll not live to see her daughter's trial. An' sure I don't know that it'd be a mercy if she would. Oh, the poor girl! such a kind darlin' as she was, an' well raised, though the 'cowld finger' came on thim afterwards. Oh, verra! verra! verra! but it's too bad intirely, so it is!" soliloquized Mrs. D. as she sat by the sick woman.

Alternate fervent prayers and the wildest ravings passed the patient's lips. Now, imagining she saw her child pursued by fiends, she would start up, striking her thin, bony arms to and fro in the air, as if battling with them, uttering at the same time the most touching appeals for aid. Anon, she would give vent to the wildest extravagance of joy, and fancying she had her child safe in her arms, would press the bed clothes close to her breast and lavish warm kisses on them, while big tears coursed down her sorrow cheeks.

Danny Donohoe, none the worse for his dose of "slung shot without sugar," was incessant in his attendance on the unfortunate prisoner. Each day, he spent all the hours allowed to visitors in her cell, cheering her with words of hope—words uttered by the lips, but contradicted by the heart.

"Arrah, darling, don't be giving way intirely to despair; shure it's always the darkest hour that comes before the dawn of day. Trust to luck! That's the way."

"Trust to luck! Trust to luck! And starve fate in the end!"

"God forgive me! I was near singing, so I was; but it's not a crying matter at all, for it's out an' safe you'll be, honorably acquitted, as they call it, in a few days."

"Do you think so?" she asked, eagerly.

"To be sure I do, don't I know it? St. Patrick forgive me—forgive me for lying," he added to himself. "Sure they know you are innocent. It'll only be a few words, an' off you go as free as the air on the Rock of Cashel."

"My mother, how is she? what does she think of me? why does she not come to see me?"

"Oh, 'pon my consuns, she's as healthy an' as gay as a lark—that is—I mane, if a lark was down-hearted be reason of trouble," he said, correcting himself. "Think of you? misha, don't be wronging her be such a question, doesn't she know that you're the best girl that ever throd the blessed ground. It's every day she'd be wid you but you see the prison ru—the rules of this establishment don't allow near relatives to come in it, at all, at all. But you'll be with her soon enough."

Thus Danny tried to raise the spirits of the poor girl by feigning a hope and a cheerfulness he did not feel.

It was the third day before her trial. Danny had just taken his seat beside Amy, when the turnkey introduced a new visitor, an elderly gentleman.

"Your name is Sterne," he said, "daughter of Jacob Sterne, formerly merchant in Pearl street?"

"He was my father."

"My name is Isaac Manders. Twenty-four years ago, in the panic of 1837, your father saved me from bankruptcy and ruin. In 1845 I went to South America, you were a child then, just old enough to run around and chatter. Two days ago I returned, heard of the death of my old friend, and the sad situation of his daughter."

"But, oh, sir, I am innocent, God knows I am!"

"I believe it, I assure you, but tell me all about it, that I may be better able to judge of your chances with a jury."

She related to him the whole affair, from beginning to end.

"And what has been done for you? have you secured counsel to defend you?"

"Alas! I have no means of doing so."

"We were told," put in Danny, "that the court would give her a lawyer, beyant that, divil a bit iv a counsel she has except mesilf."

"This must not be. I will see that you have the best and ablest counsel the city possesses and money can procure. It is useless to hide the truth from ourselves, the case is strong against you."

"Bad luck to him," thought Danny, "He's one of Job's comforters."

"But truth and innocence are powerful, and with Heaven's help must prevail. I will attend to it immediately. I consider myself fortunate in having arrived in time to prove my gratitude to my deceased friend and benefactor by being of service to his child."

Amy thanked him most heartily.

Danny backed it up with a "More power to you, may you never want prattles to your salt, nor mate to your mustard."

Promising to return next day, Mr. Isaac Manders took his leave.

"There now," was Danny's remark. "Didn't I tell you the darkest hour was always the hour before the dawn? That's the break of day, that ould gentleman is. Oh, the blessings of St. Bridget be under his night-cap! every night he goes to bed. But he's a fairy in disguise, I know he is. Och, it's as light as a feather my heart is."

"Oh, me heart is as light as a feather! I hope it'll never get sad, For I'm going to be married to-morrow, And that to a purty fair maid!"

Och, bad cess to me, but it's singing again I am."

Let us leave Amy and her Celtic friend to indulge in their new raised hope, while we return to the adventures of Ralph Rayton.

For some days after the fire he did not leave his place of refuge. At night, however, he rambled out to sniff the air, taking the private and most secluded streets as his route. One night he strolled at a leisurely pace up Lexington avenue, intending to make the Fifth avenue his way down. As he neared one of the upper cross streets, he was startled by the sound of a policeman's club on the pavement, not far off. He had heard it often enough to know that it was the signal for "assistance."

"What's up, I wonder. Some crib-cracking, or garrotting game disturbed, I fancy, or perhaps a drunken row and the —"

Before he had time to finish the sentence a man ran plump against him. The light from a street lamp shone full in the man's face. It was Cully Shay. Quick as thought Rayton grasped him by the throat.

"Cully Shay! ha! just the man I've been looking for!"

"Let me go Ralph, the peelers are after me."

"Let them find you here, then!" cried Rayton, and in an instant he had drawn his knife and plunged it to the hilt in the bosom of his former companion.

Dropping his victim, he fled at his highest speed through the next street into Third avenue, where he jumped on a railroad car, taking his stand beside the driver, and escaped pursuit, leaving the body of Shay to be found by the police.

Leaving the car in the Bowery he turned down Grand street.

Feeling thirsty after his walk and its consequent excitement, he dropped into an "all night" house to liquor up. There he found a small party enjoying a game at bluff. While he stood by the bar a dispute arose at the table.

"I say it's deuced strange how you get three aces so often."

"Do you mean to say I don't play fair?"

"Yes, I do."

"You lie!"

The retort was a blow on the temple. In less time than it takes to tell it, a beautiful row was in progress. The friends of each party fell to work at each other; soon they leathened away indiscriminately, friend and foe mixed up. Decanters, pitchers, tumblers, everything was seized on, and turned into weapons of war. The keeper of the place turned off the gas, leaving the combatants to fight in the dark. The crash of glass, the noise of falling chairs and tables, the shouts and yells of the belligerents, all combined to render the scene a pandemonium.

Rayton thought it time to leave. He had kept aloof from the engagement by retiring to the back of the room; now the fight was raging between him and the door. He knew that it could not be long before the police arrived at the scene of conflict, so, without a moment's hesitation, he drew his knife, yet red with the blood of Shay, and slashing and striking right and left, actually cut his way through the crowd to the door.

"That was well done! the charge of the Light Brigade was nothing to it!" he ejaculated, as he proceeded on his way.

At the next corner he coolly wiped the gore from the knife with his pocket-handkerchief, which he then threw down in the sewer.

"Served them right," he muttered, "quarrelsome dogs get dirty jackets."

CHAPTER XV.

The Trial for Murder—Amy Sterne at the Prisoner's Dock—Witnesses Prove Enmity Between Her and Bill Cain—A Good Character of No Avail—Counsel for Defence Makes a Strong Speech in Her Favor—Which is Upped by the District Attorney—Amy Sterne is Convicted of the Murder of Bill Cain on a Chain of Circumstantial Evidence—The Verdict Given—The Sentence DEATH—The Last Hope Shivered.

It was the day of trial.

Three of the most eminent and able members of the bar in the city had been retained for the defence. No stone had been left unturned by Isaac Manders to collect evidence in Amy Sterne's favor. The challenging and selecting of a jury had occupied two whole days, and a large sum was offered to each of the counsel in the event of an acquittal.

The court was crowded to excess. The spectators were of every grade in society. All met to witness—as if it were a play got up for their amusement—the heart-rending spectacle of a young girl on trial for her life.

As Amy Sterne was brought into court, in charge of an officer, all eyes were bent upon her, and various remarks were passed.

"What a pity! such a young thing!"

"Aye, young enough in years, but old enough in crime, I'll warrant."

"She hasn't got the face of a murderer."

"It ain't the face, it's the heart. Look at Mrs. Mentz, of Newark, that poisoned her husband; only nineteen!"

"She'll never be hung. What jury would convict such a young girl?" observed one in the crowd.

"Won't they? what's her age got to do with it? I'll betten dollars to five she's found guilty," answered another.

"I'll take the bet," was the response, and as composedly as if they were seated in a cock pit, instead of a court-room, they planked the money in the hands of a third party.

What a subject for a wager—a fellow creature's life.

Amy walked with a firm step and a proud carriage,

THE TRIAL FOR MURDER—AMY STERNE AT THE PRISONER'S DOCK—WITNESSES PROVE ENMITY BETWEEN HER AND BILL CAIN—A GOOD CHARACTER OF NO AVAIL—COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE MAKES A STRONG SPEECH IN HER FAVOR—WHICH IS UPPED BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY—AMY STERNE IS CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF BILL CAIN ON A CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—THE VERDICT GIVEN—THE SENTENCE DEATH—THE LAST HOPE SHIVERED.

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What a subject for a wager—a fellow creature's life.

Amy walked with a firm step and a proud carriage,

with head slightly inclined. She was led by the officer to the prisoners' dock.

"She's a brazen piece of baggage," remarked a fashionably dressed young fellow to a companion.

"She certainly bears it well, but it may be a feeling of innocence that nerves her," was the reply.

After a short delay, awaiting the arrival of one of the prisoner's counsel, the trial commenced.

Mrs. Gabbey was the first witness called. Her testimony was similar to that elicited from her at the coroner's inquest. She was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, which failed to shake her first statement. A shop-mate of Amy's swore that she had heard the prisoner express the strongest feelings of hatred towards the murdered man.

Other witnesses bore testimony to an enmity between Amy and the deceased, all of which made a deep impression on the minds of the auditors, and the first day's proceedings closed, leaving a general belief in her guilt.

Isaac Manders and Danny Donohoe sat near her, encouraging and cheering her by their presence, and when she was taken back to her cell for the night, Danny whispered to her "courage, courage, darling, don't be downhearted; remember what I told you, 'The darkest hour is the hour before the dawn.'"

It was a tedious task to follow the trial through all its lengthy examinations and cross-examinations of witnesses, its "exceptions" by the counsel, and "rulings" by the court. Through five days it "dragged, like a wounded snake, its slow length along."

The witnesses for the defence merely proved the good character of the prisoner, but could do nothing to refute the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

W. M. H., Bridgeport, A. B. and C play at seven-up, beg game. A has made four points, B the same, and C has made two. The next deal B goes out. N. W. A. contends that C has his bag, and that B has to deal, consequently C has to deal and A has his bag. How is it?—A. B. went out, A should deal again, so that C could have his bag in his proper turn.

SUPPOTER.—The violin is ranked among the first of musical instruments, but certainly is, as the article you refer to says, a "threadbare squeak," unless in the hands of one who knows how to handle the bow. A violin badly played, sends forth tones far from melodious, but when well played, no music can be sweeter.

A BOSTON BOY.—Major General Benjamin Franklin Butler is a native of Newfield, N. H., and was born on the 5th of November, 1818. It is stated that he is of Irish descent. His father's name is John Butler. He was a soldier or a seaman in the war of 1812.

SCUMMER.—1. Address a letter for him to this office. 2. That was the regular and genuine price. 3. For an answer to your third query, we must refer you to the head of the war department, Washington.

T. A. B., Ithaca.—It is more than probable that they had all ready filed the post when your friend's letter reached them, hence the reason of their not replying to him.

J. C. H., Baltimore.—1. Address Geo. C. Newman, boat builder, foot of 119th street, Harlem, N. Y. 2. The match between Chambers and Ward is off.

OLDEST READER, Baltimore.—The parties named are far from friendly, but whether they are at daggers' points to the extreme extent your phraseology places them, we do not know.

BUNNY, Baltimore, Ind.—The reason why Connecticut has two capitals, is that, originally, that state composed two colonies, or, in other words, was in two sections.

SAMMY, Providence, R. I.—1. You are perfectly right. The Drama teaches us morality and exposes vice. 2. Born in Boston in 1814. 3. Hit 'em again.

FACTS.—There is a paper of something the same character as your letter indicates, published in Boston. The others have all exploded.

T. L. F., Chicago.—1. Will answer your queries next week, the late arrival of your letter prevented our doing so in this issue. 2. Thanks for news.

A. R. S., Bellefontaine, O.—The paper you refer to, we do not exchange with. You may procure it or any other English paper, by addressing Wilmer & Rogers, No. 44 Nassau street, New York.

JOHN C. BRYAN.—Call and get a letter we have for you.

W. Y.—Those receipts were for rheumatism.

THE BRITISH TURF PROPHETS.

There is a paper of something the same character as your letter indicates, published in Boston. The others have all exploded. "Having thus decanted upon the merits and demerits of every likely candidate, it will be seen that I entirely incline to the best public performer of last year—Dundee—and to the best public performer this—D. Ophorus—in making a selection between whom I may truly say, with Ophorus,

"I do perceive here a divided duty."

both having a right to be held in equal respect; but as common sense dictates that the horse we have all lately seen perform so well is entitled to the preference, I believe that DIOPHANTUS will, like Cedard, Bay Middleton, and West Australian, achieve the double victory, which the son of the latter only just missed last year."

Bacon "Rhymer Richard" thus closes his ditty:—

"One resolute push, and the Derby is done,

By a length and a half the DICTATOR has won!

"W. W. H." gives his opinion thus:—

"There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming;

Then clap your money on DUNDEE,

ROUGE DRAGON will be the second, he,

In the race that's coming;

KNOX will be number three,

Imagined among a

Wide scattered beaten lot, you'll see;

Wait a little longer."

"Orange Blossom" defines his position in the following manner:—

"Kettledrum's friend's look blue—Rouge Dragon's beaten, too;

Costance is hard at the Merry men's pot;

And KLARKOFF, snuffing, chaffing 'em, bantering,

Cantering, cleans out the lot!"

If the prophet Leizig is to be relied on for his correct scrutiny of the future, Royallieu will secure the much coveted "Blue Ribbon." Read his ravings:—

"They pass the Stand—what sight is this meets my distracted view!

ROYALLIEU catches—beats Dundee. Averred is Waterloo!

"The Laureate of the Turf" is very cautious, through the medium of the *Sporting Life*, in elaborating his views, making no less than three selections:—

"So here I recollect, I repeat

I name as the winner DUNDEE,

O' KLARKOFF, if ought should beat

These two, will ROYALLIEU be."

"Augur" in the same journal augurs well for Rouge Dragon, Dundee and Klarkoff, giving the preference in the order named.

"Touchstone" of the *Era* places as probable winners, Dictator first; Diophantus, second; and Dundee, third.

"The Stable Mouse" also of the *Era* pre-awards the victory to either Dundee, Diophantus or Klarkoff.

"Baptiste" of the same journal agrees in toto with the Mouse, the following being his verdict:—

"But not one of the lot to DUNDEE is preferred,

With DIOPHANTUS and KLARKOFF second and third."

The above prophecies are all accompanied by long dissertations on horology, whereby they seek to substantiate them, but as most all differ in opinion, it is difficult to perceive what they can all be right, or how in any manner, they are calculated to enlighten the public for whom they are intended, on the great point—how to bet. One prophet gets it down to a certainty that Dundee is to win, another, that Klarkoff, and so on to the end of the chapter, each one differing from his neighbor. Therefore, in making one's mind up how to invest, it were better, we think, to leave these seeds of the turf to back their own opinions, or else "confusion worse confounded" is bound to ensue. In fact, there is but little doubt, judging from their past performances, that they are a set of false prophets, and that only by frequent guessing, do they manage occasionally to hit upon the winner.

NEW YORK IN 1861.

A TURN ROUND AMONG THE SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.

"This cry is, still they come." They come in droves from almost every part of the country between the rising of the sun, and the going down of the same. This lively city of ours looks as if it was under martial law. New York is an immense "citadel," a place of recuperation, it may be, for the weary wayfarer of "military proclivities." Turn which way we will, we meet nothing but Zouaves, Riflemen, Sappers and Miners, and soldiers of high and low degree, from every phase of human life. New York is made the depot for pretty much all the brigades, battalions, and regiments that are started off to put down treason and rebellion in the disaffected States. Our Park, the City Park, or at least the lower portion of it, has been converted into barracks, where "soldiers are manufactured," fed and lodged. Wooden buildings have been erected, stretching from the lower end of the Park several hundred feet up Broadway and along Park Row, towards Chatham street. In the space between these tents and offices of various descriptions, and also parade grounds upon which the recruits are daily put through their "first course of sprouts." Surrounding this "panoply of war," are great lines of stands for the sale of cakes, pies, oysters, beer, and such like "comforts." On the Battery, too, is an encampment. In Central Park, also, are soldiers domiciled; so, too, at Staten Island, Riker's Island, Long Island; and every available spot of ground in and around the Great Empire City is taken up in behalf of the defenders of the Union. Some of these defenders seem to be growing fonder of us, the longer they abide in our midst; for many of them remain with us from three to six weeks. Here is a soldier who enrolled his name in a regiment two months ago. He is met by another man of war, who, in apparent surprise, says—"Why, hello, Jim, ain't you gone yet?" "Nary go," says Jim; "we ain't got our soldier clothes yet." Bar rooms, theatres, concert halls, and about every other place we happen to look into, are lined with men in the process of being turned into warriors. If we stand on the sidewalk to talk to a friend, ten chances to one that some "Captain" or "Lieutenant" bold rushes against us, giving us a whack of the sword on the shin that sets us to dancing without a fidget; a little further up the street we meet a "full private," seriously affected with enthusiastic staggers; a Bowie knife ten or twelve inches long, or a revolver, stuck in his belt, and he muttering all sorts of vengeance against something or somebody. We stand aside, and let the man of war wave ahead, rather than intrude upon his privacy, or disturb his golden dreams of lathering the blood thirsty seceders in the gall and bitterness of the iron distilling. Here comes one of the Home Guard, but the "regular" passes him by as beneath his notice. Ah! there's a mighty difference between the two, thinks our "regular" friend to himself. This war promises to make and unmake many a man. We have Colonels, Lieutenants, Captains, etc., etc., almost without number. And they feel the importance of their position, too; they talk no more of common place affairs, but confine their remarks to the feasibility of carrying out the war to a successful issue, or to criticising the line of operations marked out by Gen. Scott. We are all for war! It is war to the knife, and if you go into our barracks about feeding time, you will find that it is war to the fork as well; for our soldiers make furious attacks upon their rations, and give evidence of being well trained to meet the steak at issue. And yet, notwithstanding our warlike disposition, there are still a great many solid old fogies around town, who say they don't see the war, nor ain't a-going to; but you know these old staggers don't know anything compared to Young America, and as they "only belong to the Home Guard," why they have to simmer down, and quietly take a back seat.

Everything gives place to the war now a-days; and the sooner it is ended, the better. It has knocked spots out of business, and thrown a damper on every little amusement or pleasure we have heretofore enjoyed so well. But things are beginning to settle somewhat, and even the war fever is getting systematized. Why, a few weeks ago, a man with a cool temper and steady nerves would have thought that the whole community had gone mad. People were rushing up and down the streets, looking strange and wild, without seeming to know where they were going to. If you chanced to meet an old sport on the tramp with whom you spent many a jolly hour in times gone by, and asked him to take a social nip with you, he'd grab you by the hand, and tell you he had 'n't a minute to spare, that he had an appointment with Captain So-and-so, and that he was off with such a regiment to-morrow, and was off before you had time to bid him a "lasting adoo." Even now, if you look into an engine house of an evening, you find the boys engaged in an exciting discussion as to the company that will best distinguish itself in the coming mill—for it is a settled thing that the Fire Zouaves will be there or thereabouts when there's any fighting to be done. If you turn into Len Chester's "American Camp," or Johnny Garland's, or Jim Walnut's, and you sit down to a quiet little game of "cribbage," or "seven-up," before the game is half played out the conversation turns on the war question, as to who will "rake the pile" when the great game of life and death comes off, and whether old Jeff Davis and his fellow rebels will not be "cuchred" in their foolish endeavors to "go it alone." And there's a good deal of sound sense in the remarks and comparisons made by our friends. Or, if you drop in at either of Bob Butler's music halls on Broadway, you hear nearly every performer engaged there having his or her way on the "pending question." But it's when the "Star Spangled Banner" is given with the "entire strength of the company," that the audience boils over with enthusiasm. Even the pretty waiter girls forget their biz and go in for the Union instead of "swi lager." In this way the ball is kept up from morning until night, and from night until morning, but then, as we said before, there is now more system in our patriotic manifestations, while our sentiments on the Union questions are as deep-seated as ever, and reaching even into the bosoms of the seceded States. The great North is a great unit in defence of the Constitution and the laws, and in opposition to treason, rebellion, and anarchy as now exemplified in the South.

We have been on the tramp from the Battery to Bull's Head; we have travelled the length and breadth of the Island of Manhattan, and the Union feeling reigns over all. Bristling bayonets may be seen here, there, and everywhere. Soldiers in war and citizenry are met at every corner, and occasionally may be met a few of those who are "citizens in war" and "soldiers in peace," but they are few and far between, and "shunned by all men. So 'wears the time," the Empire City is "in for the war," and will stand up for the Union till the last treacherous foe expires.

FOURTH OF JULY REGATTAS.—One of the most interesting features of the approaching fourth of July celebration will be the regatta. In Philadelphia, the barge clubs are to have a grand race on the river Schuylkill for a suit of colors and a silver cup. Arrangements are already being made to render this aquatic event worthy of the great day to be celebrated. Philadelphia has quite a fleet of race boats; and when they are in line for the struggle, the sight will be most beautiful and exciting. New York, we hear, will make the regatta prominent in its fourth of July programme, and very handsome prizes will be offered for competition in the races. Boston, probably, will also offer prizes for boat races, and various other eastern cities will follow in her wake. Race boats are being brushed up and overhauled, in anticipation of the coming contests.

DERBY DAY.—This day, noted the world over among turtles, occurred on the 29th ult., so that in our next issue we shall in all probability be enabled to give the result. In the meantime, to post our readers as to the status quo, we give the names of the probable starters, latest quotations in betting, &c.:—

Horse.	Latest price.	Rider.	Trainer.
Dundee.....	5 to 2	C. Stance.	M. Dawson.
Diophantus.....	9 to 2	A. Edwards.	J. Dawson.
Klarkoff.....	7 to 1	F. Fordham.	J. Scott.
Knoxi.....	10 to 1	Clement.	Kelown.
Dundee.....	12 to 1	J. Osborne.	Oates.
Imagined.....	12 to 1	French.	J. Dawson.
Royallieu.....	100 to 6	Grimshaw.	Jennings.
Bombardier.....	40 to 1	C. Westlake.
Rouge Dragon.....	40 to 1	Wells.	C. Manning.
Aberstone.....	40 to 1	L. Snowden.	A. Taylor.
The Drake.....	50 to 1	Aldcroft.	Robert.
Aurelia.....	100 to 15	J. Gaster.	W. Stevens.
Nauti.....	C. Manning.
Seven Daws.....	H. Sopp.
Janus.....	Charlton.	Haybee.
Coqueror.....	T. Stevens.
Yorkminster.....	J. Snowden.	Oates.

POOR FLORA TEMPLE.—Alas! alas! when shall this little flyer "find rest for the sole of her foot?" Has she not earned money enough for her owners? Has she not conquered all competitors? Has her time ever been equalled? No. But still she is kept before the people—kept before them in a position which even the four-footed brutes must feel ashamed of. We have said that she has vanquished all competitors, and yet she is compelled to pull and drag, in bogus affairs, that those who have charge of her may be enabled to pocket a little more of the filthy lucre. We all know how Princess was brought here from California to take down the "little bay mare." We all know how Princess was vanquished; and we are all pretty well acquainted with the subsequent performances of the victor and the vanquished, "in partnership," the fruits of the speculation being divided between the "handlers" of the "opposing nags." Well, Princess having played herself out, and having gone into slover, and little Flora being again left alone in her glory, another competitor must be scared up for the little mare, to keep her from "going to seed." So, this time we have a sort of Kentucky production, in the hands of another speculator, from the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and Flora Temple is "matched" again! Was she ever matched? No. She is pitted to trot against this "rejuvenated" Kentuckian, ostensibly for a certain stake. The season is dull, money is scarce, and a "big thing," it is thought, can be made by this trot; so the "knowing ones" put their heads together, "pull the strings," and five, ten, or fifteen dollars no gentleman can tell which thimble the little jester is under. Now you see it, and now you don't—make your bets, gentlemen, for the "race" will soon be over. It is a revival of the old dodge, with two "old horses" to do the dirty work for the "benefit of the owners," or rather for the benefit of the thimble riggers who manage them, for we cannot believe that the real owners of the animals can be a party to such a "nice little arrangement." As we said in our last, give us legitimate sport, or none at all. The people will patronize fair and square sporting events, but they have been so egregiously humbugged of late by so-called trotting matches, that they have become disgusted with all such affairs, and refuse now to countenance them in any shape.

THE 4TH IN THE QUAKER CITY.—From a casual glance at the programme prepared for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of our national independence at Philadelphia, it is apparent that the Quaker City means to be unusually liberal this year in her appropriation of the "ways and means" for a due observance of the day we celebrate. Cannons will be fired, bells chimed, processions take place, etc. Thirty-four arches are to be erected, and these will be illuminated at night. A grand regatta will take place. The steam fire engine companies are expected to parade. At night, fireworks are to be displayed in various parts of the city. In the exhibition of fireworks, there will be several new effects introduced for the first time, emblematic of the war for the preservation of the Union, etc., etc.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—On Tuesday next, 18th inst., the fight between Hurst and Mace, for the Championship of England, is to take place. There is very little speculation going on here in reference to the fight. Hurst is a huge mountain of flesh and bone, with very little knowledge of the science of manual defence, and with but little experience in prize ring tactics. Mace is a much smaller man, but a capital boxer, and a pretty good general. It is the opinion of some that Mace is a coward at heart, having showed the white feather on more than one occasion. And yet, in some of his battles, he has given evidence of being one of the best men of his day. We are inclined to favor Mace in the approaching fight; though much the smaller man, our opinion is, that, if he does not "cut it" at the start, he will come out the winner, and be hailed as the champion of England.

THE 4TH IN THE EMPIRE CITY.—Our city fathers intend, so it would seem, to have the approaching anniversary of our national independence celebrated with more than usual eclat, and have opened the mouths of the money bags wider than heretofore, and let the cat out to the tune of \$8000, to be appropriated towards paying the expenses of the festivities on that day. What the programme of the amusements is to be, we are not yet informed, but it has been suggested that more pork and less powder be served up, so that those who don't reside in Fifth Avenue mansions may have a feast. So far so good, but we must insist that muscle, so much in demand just now, must not be neglected, and that arrangements be made for a regatta, a base ball match, and other kindred sports. The liberality of the Common Council in appropriating \$8000 for the occasion, the largest ever set apart for the purpose, seeing that it doesn't touch their pockets, is commendable. Let the "Glorious Fourth" be a "big thing" this year, for the day will be a memorable one in our history.

FRENCH BILLIARDS.—Mons. Berger was at Cincinnati last week, and showed the people how to wield the cue French fashion. He was to be at Columbus, Ohio, on the 10th inst., to give an exhibition there. While en route from New Orleans to Cincinnati, via Memphis, the citizens of the latter place threatened to hang Monsieur, and even went so far as to adjust the rope, so we are informed. He was suspected of abolition proclivities. He managed to escape from the irate seceders, however, not much hurt, but considerably scared.

WHO IS HE?—The *London Morning Post*, we learn through the arrival of the Fulton at this port, this afternoon, 10th inst., has the following:—"It is rumored that a countryman and pupil of Heenan has arrived in London from America, with the intention of challenging the corqueror in the approaching contest," alluding to the fight between Mace and Hurst for the Championship, we presume.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.—By the Arabia from Liverpool, on the 1st inst., which passed Cape Race on the morning of the 9th inst., we ought to learn the result of the above important event. The news yacht failed to connect, however, so that we are unable to announce it this week.

THE TEN MILE FOOT RACE.—This result of the ten mile foot race which takes place at Fashion Course, L. I., this Monday, 10th inst., P. M., did not reach us up to the hour of going to press. The day is fine and admirably suited for the contest.

BILLIARDS AT CHICAGO.—Michael Geary gave an exhibition in that city on the 27th ult., assisted by Timothy McCarthy, and Washington Campbell. The American carom, and the French three ball games were played. In the latter, Michael out Bergered old Berger himself at the masse shots. The exhibition was a success, and proved remunerative.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS.

AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

COLONEL KERRIGAN'S RANGERS are stationed at the Quarantine, Lough, S. I., where barracks have been erected in place of tents, being more secure, and a better protection against the weather. One afternoon recently we took a sail over to see how the boys liked their new quarters, and to every question we asked the same response was given. They had nothing to find fault with at all. A good colonel, kind captain, efficient officers, and intelligent men occupying every position, with plenty to eat of good " grub," and lots of fun, what could they complain of? Being disappointed in not meeting their colonel, (who was in Washington urging the government's acceptance of his men as the 25th regiment), the next friend to hunt up was Captain Michael Norton (Crow), whom we found entertaining some lady visitors, of whom, all over the camp, there were quite a number. Not wishing to intrude, we merely had a hearty shake of his hand, and strolled about the grounds to see how they passed the time away. In one part about thirty of the Rangers were amusing themselves at football, of which they had a good supply; in another they were scuffling and jumping, and a couple had on the gloves belting the "old boy" out of each other. One captain had twenty boys pitting through the "double quick," which the little fellows, "some in rage and some in tags," seemed to think was great fun. In an even plot of ground was a company quite proficient in drill, being exercised by a long-haired, good-looking officer, who gave his orders in a voice of thunder. Flannigan, however, was always in the lurch, and every once in awhile it was "Flannigan, keep your hands out of your pockets! Dress up there, dress up you Flannigan!" All this was fun to outsiders, but to the boys, who, in trying to do better, generally made a mess of it, and did worse. Hearing the officer of the day call Grindell's name, we wheeled round and saw our old friend John, the champion runner, who is messenger for the regiment. A nasty recognition was all that passed, as he had just received a package which required dispatch. It being now six o'clock, and supper time, the men were got in line, and did a bit of marching preparatory to the attack on Fort Corneil Beef. Not a single word passed between the boys, and when off duty their officers were remarkably sociable. To strangers every courtesy was extended, and for the ladies there is no end to the attention and respect tendered them. There appears to be an impression that the Rangers are a rough set, but it would astonish all to notice the absence of violence

and profane language since they've been in camp. To Captain Crow and all the officers of the gallant Rangers we feel under obligation for the kind manner we were treated, and as a finale we venture to say that the Longfellow who passed us in and out of the gate is just the style for a soldier, and would be one of the first to bring down a Secession.

YOUNG SPOT, alias Chicken, was the first one to step on shore at Alexandria and wave the American flag. It was a little thing in itself, but it shows the bravery of the boy, he not knowing how many sentinels were placed there, or what moment he was likely to be shot.

JEROME REARDON, alias Ballycotton, is with the gallant 6th regiment, at Camp Corcoran, Va., working the gun equipments, and he says that he is willing to fight for his country if he can get a chance, but the rebels won't give him a sight. Cease your lamentations, Jeremiah, you will soon, we doubt not, have the opportunity you so anxiously look for, and we'll bet a guinea to a goose egg, that you and your brave companions will administer pepper to them in doses sufficiently large to make them sneeze a few, at least.

THE RIGHT STUFF.—A merchant of New York, who is interested in a house at Baltimore, was told that the batteries of Fort M-Henry were bombarding that city. "Good!" he exclaimed, "I am \$3000 poorer, if that is the case, but I hope the news is true. They can have every dollar I've got."

JUST SO.—A lady in New Orleans lately drove a recruiting officer out of her house with a billet of wood. She refused to allow her husband to be enrolled, with the significant remark: "Let them that have niggers fight for them."

A FREE FIGHT.—At the Park Barracks, on the 4th inst., from twenty to thirty combatants engaged in a free fight which ended in the demolition of several nasal organs, the damaging of as many "peepers" and craniums, together with the total destruction of several camp utensils. The belaguerers belonged to the 3rd Regt., and the Westchester chassiers. After the scrimmage, each combatant looked as proud as if he enjoyed all the honors of "the battle's wild commotion."

AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.—By our correspondent Old Joe Buck, the gallant soldier boy, we are informed of the status quo of matters and things at Fort Pickens and vicinity. Read what he says:—

U. S. STRANER, BROOKLYN, off Pensacola, Fla., May 16th, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER:—Ever since my last letter we have been up to our eyes in war, and nobody is hurt yet. We have been anxiously awaiting orders to go in, and since the Navy Yard, hoping thereby to collect items for you, and give a good account of the gallant little Brooklyn, or, as the Rebels call her, the "Terror of the Gulf." Ever since the scandalous one sided affair of Fort Sumter, the boys have been half crazy for a fight, and to show you that they really do mean business, know that just ten minutes after receiving orders, the troops were on their way to the beach, and an hour later the "Fort Pickens" was reinforced. There are now 1,000 men in the Fort, in active training, and all the squadron, as well as the troops, have been engaged the last fortnight in landing stores, guns, and ammunition. Sand batteries are being erected at every available point on the island of Santa Rosa, and all we want is "orders," to make Fort Barrancas and the Navy Yard too hot to hold the "Traitor" drag and his ragged band of "Filibusters." A strict and vigilant blockade is being enforced by the squadron, and the want of supplies is already severely felt by the "Rebels." Strange as it may appear, we get no news from the North under a month. A newspaper is a God-send. Once in a while your ever welcome and gay little "New York Clipper" makes its appearance here, but like "angel's visits," "few and far between." A small steamer comes out to the Sabine occasionally, with the rebel flag, protected by a flag of truce. (Query, Wonder if the same kind of a rag would protect a pickpocket in Broadway from a Metropolitan policeman? Tell old Uncle Abe to hurry up, and send along that order; that the Union is all right, and that he can depend on the "Brooklyn" to do anything he requires, from the taking of a fort to the tearing up of all the Palmetto trees from Cape Florida to Texas.)

RECORD IT.—Harry Lazarus, through a friend writing us from Alexandria, Va., desires us to contradict the report current, to the effect that he assaulted a brother soldier with a sword. We are assured that no assault ever occurred between Lazarus and O'Connell, who are on the very best of friendly terms. In a former issue, we on the strength of our belief in Harry's opposition to "such means of warfare," denied the accusation against him. We are glad to find our belief in his manliness so well fortified.

LETTER FROM AN AMATEUR.—Mr. R. H. Johnston, one of the originators of the "Dolly Dayport Dramatic Association," in this city, at present serving in the 21st regiment, of the Jersey Brigade as Colonel's Secretary and Postmaster, writes us in the following strain from Arlington Heights, under date of June 6th:—

"DEAR CLIPPER: Meeting with a copy of the CLIPPER at this port wherein was recorded the names of Messrs. Beatty, Pollock, Bennett and Gordon, amateurs of New York, as members of the 12th regiment N. Y. S. M., then in Washington, I called upon them, and exchanged civilities. They were in the city, and appeared jolly dogs, and each vied to acquire himself, verbal terms, the railroad track, and of battle, as a Son of Mars, as ever he did on the boards of the band box Rue de Houston when slaughtering Bill Shakespeare, as a Son of Theopile. The CLIPPER is a god send to us, and we watch eagerly for its appearance every week. Don't cut off the supply. On the morning of the 25th ult., when all was still as death, the gallant New Jersey Brigade marched over the Long Bridge into Virginia, and that night we reposed in sleep on the sacred soil of the sacred soil of Wise and Letcher. On the morning of the 25th ult. we put the first spadeful into the "bowels" of the Old Dominion to throw up entrenchments for the defence of the National Capital. So accustomed are we to the hardships of camp life, that for a bed nothing but the hard side of a solid rock will suit your scribbles, providing he can't get anything better."

WAR HAS COST THE WORLD.—The war proceeding the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, cost \$130,000,000. The Spanish war of 1763, settled for at Aix-la-Chapelle, cost \$270,000,000. The war of the Spanish Succession cost \$311,000,000. The treaty of Paris, in 1763, ended a bloody struggle, which cost \$560,000,000. The war of American independence cost England and this country \$930,000,000. The war of ten years, which is known as "the French Revolution of 1793," cost \$250,000,000. The war of the First Napoleon, which began in 1803 and ended in 1815, at the battle of Waterloo, cost \$5,800,000,000. The Crimean war cost \$4,000,000,000. The last Italian war (not including the hostilities between Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, Bomba, &c.) cost \$45,000,000. The last war in India cost England \$38,000,000. The list might be doubled. It includes wars only of which definite statistics are on record. The cost of the present war here is no statistics, and no estimate, because the loss to commerce, industry and trade which it will involve is beyond the reach of calculating powers.

GENEROUS GIFT TO THE FIRE ZOUAVES.—The New York Seventh regiment on breaking up their camp, previous to their return to this city, collected all their camp utensils, furniture, wine, provisions, blankets, &c., and sent them to the regiment of Fire Zouaves at Alexandria. The generous donation filled ten large army wagons.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S DEATH BE AVENGED.—The nucleus of a new regiment has been started in Albany, the object being to raise men who are to avenge the death of Colonel Ellsworth and to serve during the war, each town and ward in the State to send one man, to be armed and equipped by private contributions. The regiment will be known as the "Ellsworth Association of the State of New York."

A BRAVE AND PATRIOTIC GIRL.—Patron Brownlow's house is the only one in Knoxville, Tenn., over which the Stars and Stripes continue to float. A few days ago

five o'clock, but on account of the immense gathering it was postponed until seven P. M., at which time both men made their appearance, accompanied by their respective trainers, Dickinson having been under the eye of that well known judicious trainer, Leggy Geaves, of Sheffield, whilst Butchiffs had taken his breathings in the neighborhood of Brighstone, and from the appearance of each man when stripped and ready for action, it was very evident they had strained every nerve for the pending contest. The course, of course, was had to be traversed nine times to complete the two miles, and upon the first lap, which was duly arranged, the men at once came to the mark, and on the first lap, they left the course, Dickinson taking the lead by 10 yards, at a goodly pace, but Butchiffs was in hot pursuit, and on the second circuit Butchiffs had lessened the gap to about four yards, and on the fifth lap Butchiffs gave him the go-by, amidst the deafening cheers of his partisans, but Dickinson was still determined not to relinquish the contest until a bitter struggle, as he in the next lap carried off the colors to the front in spite of the efforts of his opponent, he was raced well together, until the last lap, when Butchiffs, once more rushed in front, and left his opponent further in the rear every stride, Dickinson giving up completely prostrate, about 100 yards from home. An immense sum changed hands on the occasion.

DEMPSEY AND JONES.—On Saturday, May 18, there was a good attendance at the Preston Borough Gardens, Eng., it being the day appointed for the race between Mr. Dempsey, of Preston, and D. Jones of Haywood, the conditions being to run 100 yards for £20 a side, when sum was duly deposited with Mr. Hudson, of Manchester, who was asked to referee. The battling dashed at 2 to 1 on Dempsey. At the time appointed the men appeared on the ground, Jones being attended to by Robert Lowe, of the Grove Inn, Heywood, whilst Dempsey had been trained by the celebrated Jerry Jim, of Preston, and had taken his breathings on the banks of the Ribble; the condition of each man reflecting great credit on their respective trainers. After docking on the mark for some time, they went by like a shot. Jones snatching a little to begin with, was never caught, and won, after a splendid race, by a foot.

WRESTLING.

CORNWALL AND DEVON WRESTLING.—The wrestling for money prizes in the above style commenced at Hackett's Wick on the 20th ult., and extended over three days. On Monday, eighteen bouts took place, and on Tuesday, twenty, and on Wednesday, twenty-four. The winners were, Breadner, Manar, Gird, Brien, and Spelt; and on Tuesday

are of his courage and valor, they'll make heaven's love, although
the Snivelry of the South. Go in, you Coppers' boys, and we'll
back you to win for any amount from a dollar to a hundred thou
and!

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$15.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week. FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR. No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

TEN BROCK AT BATH PLACES.—At the races which commenced at the above named celebrated English watering place on the 21st ult., the American horses under the supervision of Mr. Ten Brock, were represented in but one event, when and where, it appears, "Olive Branch" and "Reporter," refused to join issue with such company as "Bloodhound" and "The Knave." These specimens of our fast nags, have we fear, got rebel blood in them, hence the reason of their succeeding in so ignoble a manner. We append a summary of the affair.

TUESDAY, MAY 21.—The tenth Biennial Stakes of 10 boys each, with 50 added, for two years olds; colts Sat 10 b, fillies and geldings Sat 7 b; 5 b allowed; the second to save his stake; half a mile; 42 subs.

Lord Stamford's Ballerino, by Pandango, Sat 7 b..... A. Edwards 1
Mr. Merry's b c The Knave, Sat 10 b..... Cundance 2
Mr. T. Parr's b c Tourolo, Sat 7 b..... G. Fordham 3
Mr. R. Ten Brock's b f Olive Branch, by Lexington out of Bonita's dam, (bred in America,) Sat 4 b..... Harlow 0
Mr. R. Ten Brock's b c Reporter, by Lexington, dam (1858) by Glencoe—Gipsy, (bred in America,) Sat 7 b..... Webb 0
Mr. J. Clark's Bloodhound, Sat 7 b..... J. Goater 0
Mr. W. Day's Repose, Sat 7 b..... A. Day 0
Mr. Saxon's b c Corcoran, Sat 7 b..... L. Snowden 0
Betting: 5 to 4 agt Tourolo, 3 to 1 agt Repose, 5 to 1 agt Ballerino, and 10 to 1 agt any other (off). The American pair could not be persuaded to go near the post for some time, and several failures necessarily took place before the signal was given, when both were behind. Bloodhound showed in advance for about two hundred yards, when he was joined by Tourolo and Ballerino, and the three went on abreast, Repose lying fourth and The Knave next. Inside the distance Bloodhound dropped back, and Tourolo got his neck in front, but half way up he was headed by Ballerino, and The Knave coming with a rush opposite the Stand, added to the excitement of the finish, which after a tremendous struggle resulted in Ballerino's victory by a head, the Knave beating the worthy by the same. Repose was beaten three lengths, and Bloodhound twice as far from her.

THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA.—The turf appears to be a growing institution in that State. New jockey clubs are springing up in various localities, and good sport, as a general thing, is furnished. Their spring meetings have been well attended, and although nothing very startling in the way of time has been made, still the animals have been well matched in most instances, and close contests were the result. We publish summaries of the principal events in another part of this issue.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF VENTRILOQUISM. a book of 64 pages, just issued by the author, Prof. G. W. Kirby, Ventriquist, Magician, etc., contains in comprehensive language, all the mysteries of the wonderful art. C. E. P. FRICKLER & Co., 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

PAT AND PATRIMONY.—The following dialogue really took place, it is said, between Lieutenant A. C. C., late of the United States Texas army, and Pat Fletcher, one of the privates of the Second Cavalry, now at Carlisle, then Fort Bliss.

Officer—Well, Pat, ain't you going to follow the General (Twigg)?

Pat—If General Scott orders us to follow him, sir, begor Tobey (Pat's horse) can gallop as well as the best of 'em.

Officer—I mean went you leave the Abolition army, and join the Free Soil?

Pat—Bogor I never enlisted in the Abolition army, and never will. I agreed to serve Uncle Sam for five years, and the devil's mark was made in the contract, with my consent, ever since. When my time is up, if the army isn't the same as it is now, I won't join it again.

Officer—Pat, the "Second" (Cavalry) was eighteen months old when you and I joined; the man who raised our gallant regiment is now the Southern President; the man who so lately commanded it is now a Southern General. Can you remain in it when they are gone?

Pat—Well you see, the fact of the matter is, Lieut. C, I ain't much of a scholar; I can't argue the question with you, but what would my mother say if I deserted my colors? Oh, the devil a give in I'll ever give in, now that's the end of it. I tried to run away once, a few weeks after enlisting, but a man wouldn't be missed then. It's a quite different now, Lieut. C, and I'm goin' not to disgrace neither my colors.

Officer—Do you know that you will have to fire on green Irish colors, in the Southern ranks?

Pat—Ad won't you have to fire on them colors (pointing to the flag at Fort Bliss), that yourself and five of us licked nineteen rangers under? Sure it isn't a greater shame for an Irishman to fire on Irish colors, than for an American to fire on American colors. An' the cath'll be on my side, you know, Lieut. C.

Officer—Isn't the man that relies on Paddy, I say.

Pat—The same compliments to deserters, yer honor.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE EXHIBITION VOCABULARY.—Peaceful Policy.—The seizing of other people's property and aiming to defend the theft.

Way Policy.—Holding on to what belongs to you.

Correlation.—Retaking strongholds, which you had sworn to guard.

Irretrievable.—Cause of—Sending food to a perishing garrison.

Neutrality.—Availing one self of his country's protection until he can get armed and stab it.

Contiguity.—Remoteness being far off—see Gov. Jackson's message.

Modesty.—Taking away a man's property and then sending a commissioner to him to demand that he approve and ratify the act.

City Sovereignty.—That which justifies a town police in ordering the United States army to "abandon the city."

Tyranny.—Asking the friends of order to leave the capital and archives of their country from destruction.

Disconnected.—Bounded on three sides.

Plot (of Baltimore).—A result of the fact that soldiers did not go to Washington in Baltimore's instead of marching on the ground.

A Just Cause.—The extension of slavery all over the world.

A Noble Cause.—Ditto.

A Cause to Die For.—Ditto.

Noble Sentiments.—Such as inspired the men who fired on the flag they had sworn to select his own office.

A Reasonable Demand.—"To be let alone" after doing all the devilry and harm you can. [See Jeff. Davis' Message.]

A MODEL COMPANY.—The following constitution of the Sea Coast Guards, at New Orleans, deserves a place in the "Rebellion Record," and is worthy of the consideration of all pavement soldiers who enlist to fight—at home.

Constitution of the Sea Coast Guards—Adopted May 10th, 1860—Model Company.

ARTICLE 1. This company shall bear the name of the Sea Coast Guards.

ART. 2. The number of the Sea Coast Guards shall be from ten to five hundred or more.

ART. 3. The company shall consist of officers—each member being entitled to select his own office.

ART. 4. This company shall repudiate all military rules and usages. Every member shall arm himself in his own way for active service, and hold himself in readiness to do as he pleases at an hour's notice from the commander.

ART. 5. The Sea Coast Guards shall be commanded by each regular member in rotation, but it is left entirely at the option of members to obey the orders of the acting commander or not, as they may please.

ART. 6. The Guards will parade semi-occasionally, or oftener—provided they have nothing else to do.

ART. 7. Each member of the Sea Coast Guards shall, while in active service, draw the following rations:—One bottle claret, one do champagne, three fingers cognac, six do Bourbon, one dozen cigars, one boned turkey, one boned do, one dozen broiled oysters, two dozen do. In the shell, one basketful of nicknacks, assorted.

ART. 8. When on marching orders each member of the Guards shall be allowed one boot boy, one barber, one laundress, one carriage with two horses, one set of fishing tackle, one pack of dogs at option, two doubled barreled shot guns, one portable two story dwelling house, one library of selected novels, one dozen periodicals, and one travelling billiard table.

ART. 9. Members are expressly forbidden to perform any duty contrary to their wishes, and any order which shall be given by an acting officer without its having been previously discussed by the entire corps, in debating society assembled, shall subject the officer giving it to be fined as much as he pleases to pay.

ART. 10. Members who have musical instruments are required to bring them into the field, but no two members shall play the same tune at the same time unless they please to do so.

ART. 11. The active duty specially assigned to this corps by their own discretion shall be to treat and retreat.

ART. 12. Absent members shall be considered as present at every drill or roll call, and respected accordingly.

PLAYED HIS HAND OUT.—A Frenchman, named Battelle, died at Tran, in the department of the Caravados, at the age of 103. On the day before his death he played his usual game of cards.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CLIPPER CHESS PARLOR TOURNAMENT.—We are now prepared to fill all orders for this valuable collection of problems, post paid, on receipt of price. We shall be happy to furnish all our personal friends direct from this office, or the "Morphy Chess Rooms," 18mo., pp. 216. 75 cents.

MORPHY-KELCH.—This matter is again up in the newspapers, but has got, at least we should think so, a final quietus from Mr. Morphy himself, in one of those brief but clear and decisive statements for which he is so famous. He will not meet Herr K. in a match in this country. This stipulation is a sine qua non. When Mr. Morphy again visits Europe (of which there appears to be no present prospect) if Herr Kelch, or any other magnate, will meet him and unconditionally contest a match for the honor of victory, why he will be most happy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN ADAMS, Boston.—Answered privately.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Glad to hear from you. When you get located long enough for us to write to you let us know. Better in your friend's house than body, eh?

J. S. BROWN, St. Louis.—They are subjects on which we have no information. If we can find out the head quarters of the movement we will hand in your letter.

P. RICHARDSON.—Tried to make out one of your games for this week, but couldn't get through it.

ENIGMA No. 250.

An answer to a correspondent in an early number of the *Illustrated London News* pronounces the following problem "a very difficult one":—

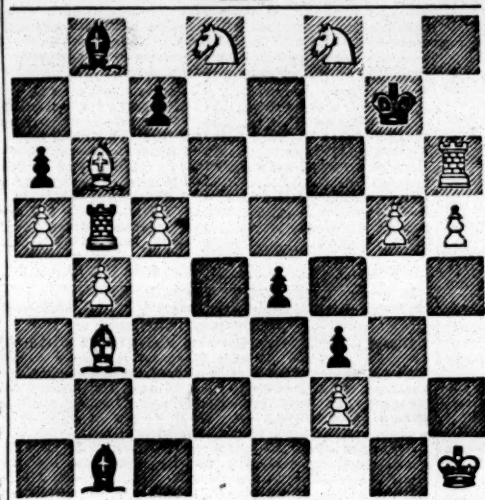


White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 250.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 250.

Interesting and instructive consultation game in the St. George (London) Chess Club. Lord Arthur Hay and T. Hampton, Esq., vs. Herr Lowenthal.—Evs.

SCOTT'S GAMBIT.

The Allies. Herr Lowenthal. 1. P-K4 2. K-K3 3. P-Q4 4. K-B4 5. K-K3 6. Q-K3 7. Castles 8. P-Q4 9. K-B3 10. Q-K3 11. K-B3 12. K-B3 13. K-K3 14. P-K4 15. Q-K3 16. Q-K3 17. Q-K3 18. K-B3 19. K-K3 20. K-K3 21. K-K3 22. K-K3 23. K-K3 24. K-K3 25. K-K3 26. K-K3 27. K-K3 28. K-K3 29. K-K3 30. K-K3 31. K-K3 32. K-K3 33. K-K3 34. K-K3 35. K-K3 36. K-K3 37. K-K3 38. K-K3 39. K-K3 40. K-K3 41. K-K3 42. K-K3 43. K-K3 44. K-K3 45. K-K3 46. K-K3 47. K-K3 48. K-K3 49. K-K3 50. K-K3 51. K-K3 52. K-K3 53. K-K3 54. K-K3 55. K-K3 56. K-K3 57. K-K3 58. K-K3 59. K-K3 60. K-K3 61. K-K3 62. K-K3 63. K-K3 64. K-K3 65. K-K3 66. K-K3 67. K-K3 68. K-K3 69. K-K3 70. K-K3 71. K-K3 72. K-K3 73. K-K3 74. K-K3 75. K-K3 76. K-K3 77. K-K3 78. K-K3 79. K-K3 80. K-K3 81. K-K3 82. K-K3 83. K-K3 84. K-K3 85. K-K3 86. K-K3 87. K-K3 88. K-K3 89. K-K3 90. K-K3 91. K-K3 92. K-K3 93. K-K3 94. K-K3 95. K-K3 96. K-K3 97. K-K3 98. K-K3 99. K-K3 100. K-K3 101. K-K3 102. K-K3 103. K-K3 104. K-K3 105. K-K3 106. K-K3 107. K-K3 108. 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NUMBER TWO.

walking etc., and a pair of blinkers and bridle to barn up the horse; Jake is a white-haired old dorkie, and decrepitude is visible in every motion; the music charm the old man, he stops on his errand, and after a deal of funny talk and motions, requests Emmett to play "Home Sweet Home," and off Dan starts with the Irish jig, Jake attentively listening and the audience roaring; on the last

2. Burn, with much dexterity, planted a body blow, and gave away. Some sparring, when Jim returned the compliment for Pat's favor in the last round, and drew the claret from Magee. Both of the men were on their mettle; but it appeared that Magee was the strongest man—a sharp rally occurred, and Pat's left arm was thrown down, and he was obliged to give the robe a little more weight, and Magee fell upon him with his knees upon the abdomen, which operated so severely on the feelings of Jim, that he uttered a loud groan. Loud expressions of disapprobation. For the fighter, &c.

3. Magee, staggered at the scratch in agony, and extremely weak, and Magee exhibited symptoms of bellows to mend. She won for a short time, the blows telling on both sides; when Jim was compelled to retreat to the ropes, where he fell with his back upon the ropes. In this situation, Magee, with all his weight, lay upon him, and the struggle was so great for the advantage, that hands were put up, and a rope was thrown round the waist of the preper in torrents. [Cries of "Shame!"—hence—and a tremendous uproar in all parts of the ring.] Jim, after extreme difficulty, extricated himself from his most perilous situation, and with much skill planted a conker. In closing, both down; Magee uppermost.

4. The science of Jim gave him the advantage; but his extreme caution in several instances operated as a drawback to his exertions. Magee went in with much spirit, and Burn went down from a slight hit. "That's the way, my boy; try it again, Magee, and you can have the prize from your friends."

5. Pat fought with much ability. He stopped well, and was also successful in planting his blows. His rally

But in this country, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every man grows to maturity surrounded by a circle of invalid female relatives; that he, later, finds himself the husband of an invalid wife, and the parent

It is unnecessary to say that those miscreants were brought to trial and executed. The facts that appear upon that trial, and afterwards upon confession, were these:—

And this young beauty must one day fade and die! for there are spheres of life beyond this world. I know, and, when the soul is good to endure through more than one; therefore, the living death of disease that is waiting close at hand for so many, to know how terrible a proportion of our race fair children are walking unconsciously into a wretched, wretched, powerless, joyless, useless maturity. Among the myriad triumphs of advancing civilization, there seems to be but one formidable danger, and that is disease. It cannot be doubted, however, that the perils which menace by, with advancing knowledge. In proportion to our national recklessness of danger is the promptness with which remedial measures are adopted, when they at last

A GRIZZLY BEAR.—A hunter of "great experience" states that the boasted courage and prowess of the grizzly bear are sheer humbug. He says he never found one that would show fight if he stood the least chance of getting away; and that, though he has killed scores of them, he has never been in the least danger from any of them.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Shows, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephens Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m
 Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker. 41
 No. 12 North street, basement.
 Albany, N. Y., J. B. Smith, Morning Times Office. 30-9m
 Troy, N. Y., A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m
 Boston, Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-8m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
 NEIL and DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

DAN BRYANT, EPH HORN.
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 J. W. ADAMS, J. H. HILTON.
 T. J. PEEK, OLD DAN EMMETT.
 And JAPANESE TOMMY, Or, "WHAT IS IT?"
 In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c.
 The first to introduce the following popular acts:
 Essence of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's, The Three Hunters, The Garrothers, Dural MacDill Darroll's, Miss Melody Fling, Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Road, Johnny Gainer, Whose Head Dat Burring, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
 Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 34

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

This Ever Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of
 ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS.
 The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life has made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the island of Cuba.

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 HARRY LEHR, W. BLAKENY,
 W. T. EMERSON, J. H. KELLOGG,
 M. LEWIS, S. MANNING,
 J. W. ADAMS, RUDOLPH HALL,
 LITTLE BOBBY, WALLIS REEVES,
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Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.

HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

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OPEN EVERY EVENING.

WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER

CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT

IN THE WORLD.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS! BRILLIANT SUCCESS!

GORGEOUS CONSTELLATION OF STARS!

STERLING AND IMPOSING NOVELTIES!

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS!

COMIC PANTOMIMES!

ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS!

GEMS FROM THE OPERA!

A CONTINUED ENTERTAINMENT OF FOUR HOURS DURATION!

A Grand Matinee every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for the

accommodation of Ladies and Children, on which occasion no

Liquors or Segars will be sold, or allowed to be used in the

Theatre.

ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 25 cts. Family Circle, 15 cts.

Orchestra Chairs, 50 cts. Private Boxes, \$4.00

814 ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee.

MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

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ORIGINAL PALACE CONCERT SALOON.

SINGING, DANCING, ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCE.

THE BEST CONDUCTED PLACE IN THE CITY.

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WAITER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME.

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Late Manager of the Volks Garden.

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THE OLD ESTABLISHED

STAR TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION,

at the

Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia,

Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and

Old Fellows' Hall, Washington.

R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GREEN.

914

GREEN STREET THEATRE, ALBANY.

CAPT. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at this

house on Monday evening, June 3d, on which occasion she will

appear with her highly trained horses, in the beautiful drama of

"Pyra." In the repertoire of Miss Menken the following pieces are

included:

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERN, COURT OF GARIBOLDI,

THE FRENCH SPY, DICK THE NEWSBOY,

JENNIE DIVER, SMILE,

FEMALE BUCANEER, WIZARD SKIFF,

THREE FAST WOMEN, (814) FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.

BURTS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.

ISAAC BURTIS, Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.

B. L. PACKARD, Proprietor.

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NEW FACES! NEW ACTS! EVERYTHING NEW!!!

We still adhere to the old motto—

FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques,

&c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 614

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open

August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the Summer the

company will visit the principal cities in the Canada and Eastern

States, commencing in Montreal.

MECHANICS' HALL.

Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.

614 LON MORRIS, Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,

(Late Newark Theatre,) NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN MACARTHY, Proprietor.

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MODEL MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

SONGS, DANCES, OPERATIC BURLESQUES,

GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIMES, &c., &c.

Admission, 10 cents; Dress Circle, 20 cts.

Performers of acknowledged talent can always meet with good

engagements by applying as above. 614

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. T. MAGUIRE.

Stage Manager, MR. J. DOWLING. Treasurer, MR. HAND.

Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, One Dollar.

Parquet, 50 Cents; Gallery, 25 Cents. 214

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrelsy and Exhibitions

of all kinds, until the 25th day of October, when the theatrical

season commences, and continue until the 25th day of March, 1862.

Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for

the theatrical season, will please address

214 J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

HARTFORD, CONN.,

BY

A. S. PLITON.

AMERICAN HALL,

(Adjoining the House.)

Well fitted for Theatricals, Concerts, &c. 7-514

THE MISSISS NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Commu-

nications will reach them addressed to 40 Bleeker st., N.Y. [5-814

AMERICAN HALL!

HARTFORD, CONN.
 FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON TROUPE, OF PHILADELPHIA,
 (En Route to Boston.)

This Mammoth Ballet Troupe of Fifty-four persons, will appear in

this city at the above Hall

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1861.

And every Evening during the week, and on SATURDAY AFTER-

NOON, June 15.

This establishment will furnish an entertainment which has re-

ceived the unequalled endorsement of the Philadelphia press, and

corroborates

THE LARGEST

MOST VERSATILE AND

TRULY ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION.

ever presented to the American public embracing as it does, the

very best talent in the country, in every department of polite

amusement. The first vocalists, the best dancers, the most eccen-

tric Ethiopian performers, and best pantomimists ever congregated

in one exhibition. The Manager has peculiar satisfaction in an-

nouncing to the people of Hartford this immense amount of talent.

The Ballet Troupe consists of

TWENTY-FIVE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES!

Led by Mlle. MILLE FOWER, the most classic dancer of the

day, assisted by MISS KITTY BLANCHARD, forming a galaxy of

Beauty and talent unsurpassed at the present day.

The Ethiopian Comedians include such names as A. J. Leavitt,

author of "The Rugged Path," and many of the most popular

"black sketches" of the day; Danny Gallagher, "the boy with the

auburn hair;" J. K. Campbell, who cannot be excelled or even

equalled in his "Essence;" J. Mulligan, the original "Old Bob

Ridley," and others of merited prominence in the profession. In the

Terpichorean and Pantomimic departments, are Mons. J. B. L.

Scoville, H. Callandine, formerly with the Ravels; and H. F. Stone,

late of the Martinetti Troupe. In the Musical department are MISS

H. O. LALANDE, mezzo-soprano.

MISS JULIA MORITIMER, Contralto,

MISS IDA DUVAL,

MAST. GEORGE GERMAIN, Tenor; and

GEO. EDISON.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

The Melodeon Cornet, and, in the evening, J. Ritter, will play some fa-

vorite airs from the balcony on the Hall, a quarter of an hour pre-

vious to each entertainment.

Admission to Orchestra seats, 50 cents. To the Gallery, 25 cents.

There will be a GRAND MATINEE given on Saturday afternoon,

June 16th for Ladies and Children. Doors open at 1 o'clock. To

commence at 2 o'clock. FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

A. S. PRENTISS, Business Agent.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Edwin Booth, E. Forrest, Adah I. Menken, W.

F. Florence, E. Eddy, L. Keene, Webb Sisters, Maggie Mitchell,

Jerry Bryant, and all the Principal Operatic, Dramatic, and

Ethiopian Performers. Price 25 cents each, and sent postpaid, by

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BANJO TAUGHT, by H. C. DODSON & Bros. Wood's Marble Build-

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Hand Banjos—such as used by the profession—sent to any ad-

dress on the receipt of \$10. Twelve written lessons in figures, with

full explanations how to tune the Banjo. Price \$1. 914

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 BROADWAY. 444 444

MOST WORTHFUL AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD!

Consisting of an Exhibition FOUR HOURS IN LENGTH, and each

act given in rapid succession without a moment's waiting.

MAKING THIS THE MOST AGREEABLE AND VERSATILE PLACE

OF AMUSEMENT IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY!

The following monstrous combination of talent appears every

night at this Gem of Comedy.

PAUL BRILLANT.

CHARLEY WHITE.

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THE RING.

THE GREATEST FIGHT ON RECORD.

The battle alluded to in the following, and which knocks all the combats of the Homeric heroes, not to mention the usual exploits of the P. R., into a cocked hat—took place between the celebrated "Tuscaloosa Sam" and another fighting man whom he had affectionately invited to take a turn with him in a quiet way. It has always since been known as

THE GREAT ARKANSAS FIGHT.

They clinched like two rampaging bears,
And each fell in his sit;
They swore a stream of six-inch oaths,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

The stranger snapped at Sammy's nose,
And shortened it a bit;
And then they both swore awful hard,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

The mud it flew, the sky grew dark,
And all the lites lit;
And still they critters rolled about,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

First Sam on top then t'other chap;
When one would make a hit,
The other'd smell the grass; and so
They fit, and fit, and fit.

The night came on, the stars shone out,
As bright as wimmin's wit;
And then they fellers swore and gouged,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

The neighbors heard the roar they made,
And thought an earthquake lit;
Yet all the while 'twas him and Sam
As fit, and fit, and fit.

For miles around the noise was heard,
Folks could not sleep a bit,
Because there two rancorous chaps
Still fit, and fit, and fit.

[The result was that when the poet and his "old man" went out the next morning]—

"We found to our surprise
Two quarts of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers, and four eyes."

EXECUTION BY THE KNOT.

I AM going to describe a scene that harrowed my heart; I have been to witness an execution by the knot, to a height of torture which is very seldom inflicted. In the present instance, the guilt of the culprit was unquestionable, and he was regularly tried and sentenced.

The instruments, and manner of performing this horrible execution, are too well known to require repetition in this place. The unhappy wretch whom his crimes destined to be an example to mankind, was an ivestochick, (or coachman) to Count Ablenofsky, a Polish nobleman, whom he inhumanly murdered one night, in bringing him from a party in the country. He effected his death by means of the key used for screwing the bolts of the carriage. The vehicle being a droschky, there was no other servant but the coachman.

At a conveniently dark and sequestered spot, the villain turned suddenly on his master, and striking him a stunning blow with the iron instrument, seized him, and finished the murder by strangling him with the reins. Having rifled the dead Count of every valuable about his person, he left the body and the carriage, and made his escape. Morning discovered the horrid scene: suspicion did not hesitate to point out the real perpetrator, and a pursuit was immediately ordered. Officers of justice went in every direction; and by their unwearied activity found him, after a search of several days, some versts from the Ladoga Lake.

The place generally allotted for public execution, is near the Neva, being an open and muddy plain. When I arrived, a few companies of grenadiers were drawn up in line, and the natives were pouring upon the ground in multitudes. The gravity of their rough visages, mingling with the fierce countenances of the Cossacks, and the severe gloom of the police, gave an expression of horror to the crowding groups, more consonant with the expected scene, than the noisy mobs beneath the gallows at the Old Bailey.

Ten o'clock in the morning was the appointed hour; but more than another hour elapsed before the criminal was brought to the place of punishment. He was a robust and fine-looking man, with light hair and beard, possessing not one trait in his face to announce him capable of murder, or of even less terrible crimes.

Had I been called upon to declare my opinion of that man's disposition from his face, I should have pronounced him everything that was meek and harmless. I am no physiognomist, and must leave this apparent science to be settled by those who are.

The poor wretch, attended by part of the police, had been walked through the street, in order to show him to the populace, and to strike them with horror at his guilt. As soon as the procession arrived in front of the troops, a circle was formed, and preparations made for the instant commencement of the execution. A paper being read aloud in the Russian language, which, most probably, was an account of his crime and sentence, he was speedily stripped of his clothes leaving on his person only a pair of loose trousers.

In the midst of this silent group, (and awful indeed was their silence) stood firm, and well secured, a block of wood, about three feet high, having three cavities in the top, to receive the neck and arms.

Being fully prepared for his dreadful punishment, the unhappy man crossed himself, repeating his *Gospersian* *Pomela*, with the greatest devotion. The executioner then placed him with his breast to the board, strongly binding him to it by the neck, and the upper part of his arms, passing the rope close under the bend of both knees. Thus bowed forward, the awful moment approached. The first stroke was struck, and each repeated lash tore the flesh from the bone. A few seconds elapsed between each, and for the first ten to twelve, the poor sufferer roared most terribly, but soon becoming faint and sick, the cry died away into groans, and in a few minutes after, nothing was heard except the bloody splash of the knot on the senseless body of the wretched man. Oh! if God punished so, who could stand before his judgment seat? Had the compassionate Alexander beheld it, I believe that this would have been the last infliction of this tremendous punishment.

After full an hour had been occupied in striking these dreadful blows, (and more than two hundred were given him) a signal was made from the head officer of the police, and the prisoner was raised a little from the block. Not the smallest sign of life seemed to remain: indeed, so long did it appear to have fled, that during the half of the lashing, he had sunk down as low as the ligatures which bound him would allow. The executioner took the pale, and apparently lifeless body, by the beard, whilst his assistant held an instrument like a brush with iron teeth, and placing it a little below the temple, struck it with the utmost force, and drove its pointed fangs into the flesh. The opposite temple and forehead received the same application. The parts thus pierced, were then rubbed with gunpowder, to remain, should the mangled sufferer survive, a perpetual mark of his having undergone his punishment.

You would suppose that rigor had exhausted all her torments, that justice was now appeased; but no, another punishment yet remained—to deprive the nose of its nostrils. The inflicting pincers, something like monstrous curling-irons, were inserted up the nose of him whom I supposed dead (and indeed I only endured the latter part of the sight, from having imagined that these inflictions were directed to one already past the sense of pain); the performer of this dreadful sentence, aided by his companion, actually tore each from his head in a way more shocking than can be described. The acuteness of this last torture, brought back sense to the torpid body. What was my horror to see the writhings of the poor mangled creature, and my astonishment, as soon as he was unbound, to see him rise by the assistance of the men, and walk to a cart ready to return him to his prison, from whence, if he did not die, he was immediately to be conveyed to Siberia, there to labor for life. His

lost strength seemed to revive every moment, and he sat in the vehicle perfectly upright, being covered with his capstan, which he himself held upon his shoulders talking very composedly with those who accompanied him.

His sentence, I understood, was to be *knout* without mercy. Of course, in such cases, few ever survive, or if they do, for want of care, or even common assistance, a mortification generally takes place, and death relieves them from further suffering. This was the fate of the miserable creature in question, who expired the following day, after passing the first post towards his banishment. I have lately discovered, that what actuated the ivestochick to the murder of the Count, was the cruelty and penuriousness of that nobleman, not only to the man himself, but to the rest of his slaves. Indeed, he was well known to be of a violent and austere temper, and one of the most avaricious amongst mortals. Hence my judgment on the poor fellow's face might not be far wrong, as ignorance renders the best natures liable to be wrought upon by injuries and want. Vengeance is a passion that requires better reasoning than a clown's to subdue.

Women in Russia have undergone the punishment of the knot. The Abbe Chappé d'Auteroche, relates an execution of a female in the reign of Elizabeth the cruel. He states, that Madame Lapookin was one of the finest women belonging to the court of that empress. Madame Lapookin had been indiscreet enough to mention some of the endless amours of her imperial mistress, and was, therefore, condemned to undergo the knot.

The beautiful culprit mounted the scaffold in an elegant undress. She was surrounded by the executioners, on whom she gazed with astonishment, and seemed to doubt that she was the object of such cruel preparations. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm; she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon stripped off, and she was naked to the waist, before the eager eyes of an immense concourse of people, profoundly silent. One of the executioners then took her by both hands, and turning her half round, raised her on his back, inclining forwards, lifting her a little from the ground, upon which, another executioner adjusted her on the back of his coadjutor, and placed her in the proper posture for receiving the punishment. He then retreated a few steps, measuring the proper distance with a steady eye, and leaping backwards, gave a stroke with the knot, so as to carry away a piece of skin, from the neck to the bottom of her back; then striking his feet against the ground, he made a second bold parallel to the former, and in a few minutes all the skin of the back was cut away in small slips, most of which remained hanging pendant: her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished to Siberia. It is impossible to reflect upon this savage scene, in which the empress Elizabeth betrayed all the qualities of a ruthless barbarian.

How far the punishment may have an effect on the people at large, I cannot pretend to say; at present they are very rare, and whatever may be the horror with which they are viewed, I do not consider them to be decisive preventives, as murders are continually happening in unfrequented parts of the city, without the perpetrators being discovered.

The knot is, I believe, the only severe punishment remaining from the many barbarous kinds continually practised in the early ages of the empire.

The manner of inflicting it at the commencement of the reign of Peter the first, was much more savage. The sufferer was fixed to the back of the executioner's man by means of ropes; and his lower extremities held so fast by another, that resistance was impossible.

In the time of the early Tsars, the performers of this horrid task were regarded with so much respect, that they were admitted into the best society. Nay, it is even said, that in those days, merchants, thinking it honorable thus to pass into ranks above them, paid large sums of money to be allowed to fulfil the murderous duty. When their ambitions were satisfied, they then resold the vocation at an enormous profit.

Such is the skill of the executioners of the present day, that they can handle the knot with much more readiness than our coachmen their whips. An intelligent French gentleman, who was an ocular witness of the occurrence, stated that two Russian noblemen, descending on the professional ability of executioners, came to some difference of opinion on the respective merits of two who were named. Each betted a certain sum on their favorite, and they agreed to decide the wager on the ensuing day.

The person who won the bet, gained it by the following feat; he placed his companion at arm's length from him, and undertook to strike two hundred times with his knot, yet though he should not touch, nor injure his person, at each blow he promised to bring away a narrow strip of his friend's shirt, which he actually performed, without inflicting even the merest scratch on his body. By way of expressing his gratitude for the patience his companion had elicited, when he had finished the specific number of blows, he lifted up his weapon, and in a playful manner, appeared to give a slight flip towards the man on whom his skill had been exhibited, he hardly seemed to touch his body, but on inspection, a wound at least a foot and a half in length was perceived, bearing an exact resemblance to one which might have been given by a razor, or any other sharp instrument. The one who had received the blow, seemed to take it in good part, and as a joke; coolly remarking that he should not be long embracing an opportunity of returning an equivalent to the favor received. The two men positively asserted, that they could, without any remarkable effort on their part, kill the strongest man with only three blows of this simple, though dreadful instrument, the knot.

ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTH—HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrer escape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outhraus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I came pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be pluss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confiscated agin, I'm fraid I shall continer on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspiously in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomy to my bumsted, and on sevral occasions I thought "the grate komic paper" wouldn't never be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depo. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a playin on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cotin from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war exclusively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replide, "an' I wish 'em honorabre graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all ov'r, and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest rickytist lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afor. "What time does this string of second hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depo master. He sed direckly, and I went & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinler expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he asked what was my principles.

"Seesh!" I anserd, "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, Pickens, Capt. Kid, Bloobard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war, and also of the next one. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knife!" said the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't original with me. Them words was rit by Shakespeare, who is ded. His Mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at last, and proceeded on our jerney, at about the rate of speed which is ginally observed by properly conducted funeral processions. A hansom yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back part of her hed, and sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was goin to her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, and so bold and so gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offerd her my blanket.

"Father livin'!" I axed.

"Yes, sir."

"Got any uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him. I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blisful repose!" She slept as seccorly as in her own bousen, and didn't disturb the solum stillness of the night with 'ary snore.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars, and enquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespective stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a faze like a double breasted lobster, "we are going to hang Old Wax Works."

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a git-in up and takin orf my Shappoo, "if you allod to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minutes past 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sledstake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow music! His last words was: "My perfeshnal career is over! I jerk no more."

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoudent in Senator Benjamin's law offiss. I'm goin up North to steal sum spoons and things for the Southern army."

This was satisfactory, and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo, and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this bunk of gingerbread," I sed. She thankt me muchly, and tript gaily away. There's considerable human natur in a man, and I'm afraid I shall allers giv aid and cumfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice yung gal.

At the next station I didn't git orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for sevral minits for the purpuss of "takin the consuet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin my stummick suddenly agin his right leg, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able bodied face. Actoated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had been vaxinated, I then fased my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilitly bunted our heds together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin, & by a sudden & adroit movement, I placed my left eye against the secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a too boss wagon. I was very much exhausted and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man sed he reckoned I'd better, and I concluded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I coudn't 'zactly see where the latfure cum in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antagonists, and threw him into the raven. He fell about forty feet, strikin a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cock hat cum up and sed he felt as tho a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, axed him if his wife and little ones was so's to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopt at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire-crackers bein tide to my coat tails. It was a fine spectical, in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventures of a startlin kind, but why continer? Why lasserate the public boozum with these here things? Suffist to say I got across Mason and Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my bumsted, but she with whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashed bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers, who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certain black bottle. Ralsin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cride, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoonding myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

[Vanity Fair.]

ARTEMUS WARD.

FERGUSON'S IDEA OF SPIRIT.—Mr. Ferguson was a tailor, and being married, was of course hen-pecked. All married tailors are. One day he excited the wrath of Mrs. F., who assaulted him with the broomstick, and would have battered him had he not run under the bed. The broomstick was too short to reach him, and he gathered courage. "Mr. Ferguson," said the irate woman, "come out from under that bed." "Mrs. Ferguson," replied he, with firmness, "I will not come out from under this bed." "Mr. Ferguson! if you know what is good for you, come out from under that bed." "Mrs. Ferguson, your threats are useless; so long as I have the spirit of a man, I will not come out from under this bed." And he didn't.

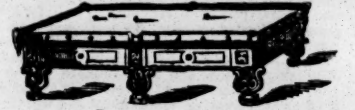
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